

## HONORED BY A NATION.

Mme. Bogelot Receives the Ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

The French government, by awarding the ribbon of the Legion of Honor to Mme. Bogelot, has turned a brilliant light on a personality whose career has hitherto lain somewhat in the shade. Leaving to others the care of vindicating the feminine cause in public meetings and in the press, Mme. Bogelot has devoted her life to the redemption of female criminals. Her name is intimately connected with that highly philanthropic work, the "Œuvre de Libération de St. Lazare," of which she is now directress, and it is mainly due to the fact that she personally represented the society at the woman's congress at Chicago that she owes this public recognition of her worth—an honor seldom vouchsafed to women, however well merited. To be thus singled out from among others of her sex must certainly be extremely gratifying, but it is pleasing to find that Mme. Bogelot takes her honors very meekly. The predominating characteristics of the new chevaliers are meekness and cheerfulness, combined with excellent business capacities and a boundless compassion for human errors and misfortunes of every shade.

She is an admirable specimen of that class of Frenchwomen about whom the fashionable society of Paris knows little.

"The world and I are strangers. I never go out, never pay visits," Mme. Bogelot explained in a recent interview. "I rise early, the morning is spent at home dictating letters to my private secretary. During the afternoon hours I am generally to be found at the offices of the Œuvre des Libérées de St. Lazare. At 6 o'clock I return to dine with my husband and son, and I am seldom out of bed after 8."

This is the simple epitome of Mme. Bogelot's self-sacrificing existence. In her home surroundings there are abundant evidences that the humanitarian labors of this excellent woman are not allowed to interfere with the comfort of her husband. There is no disorder in her household. You feel that everything moves on oiled wheels. A roomy flat in a large house situated in a small street turning out of the busy Rue de Rivoli is her abode, solidly but simply furnished, a single, middle-aged servant composing the entire staff. It is pleasant to note that between husband and wife there is complete harmony of ideas and interests. M. Bogelot, who is a member of the bar, affording his wife aid and advice on all legal matters connected with her work.

Few women lending more or less of a public life manage to steer clear of the quicksands of sectarianism. That Mme. Bogelot has been able to do so is due partly to a well balanced mind and amiable temper, partly to the manifold occupations of her busy life. She is ever ready to give advice in respect to the administration of societies, a matter in which she is thoroughly conversant, and she wisely restricts her own labors to the special lines she has taken up, and which absorb all her time and energies. Politics never attracted her, nor has she ever taken an active part in the vindication of woman's rights. Still she is ever ready to lend a helping hand to members of her own sex, to fellow workers as well as to the disinherited by fortune. But, although she personally prefers to hold aloof from party strife, the woman's cause has undoubtedly her entire sympathy. Indeed it would have been strange had it been otherwise, owing to the great friendship that existed between her and the late Maria Deraismes. The connection between them was almost that of mistress and pupil.

There was a difference of some 10 years in their ages, and Isabelle Bogelot, when a weak child, was taken under the wing of the elder woman and her sister, Mme. Fenisse, that she might have the benefit of country air, and remained an inmate of their house until she married. This early training had probably a great effect on her subsequent career.

Not being gifted with literary abilities, as was the more brilliant Maria Deraismes, she sought to render herself useful in other ways. It was not, however, until after her marriage that she joined the Œuvre des Libérées de St. Lazare, with which her name has since been so inseparably connected. This was in 1873, and the society had been founded three years previously by Mlle. Michel de Grandpre, the niece of the chaplain of St. Lazare, who had been struck during her intercourse with the inmates of this house of detention by the anxiety evinced by so many of the prisoners as their terms of imprisonment came to a close and they knew they would be once more thrown on their own resources and have to do battle with the difficulties of life, heavily handicapped by the ignominy of a conviction. Initiated into the workings of the society by Mme. Emilie de Marter, its vice president, Mme. Bogelot threw herself into the work heart and soul and was very soon elected a member of the committee, to become, in 1880, its general directress, a post which she has held ever since.—London Queen.

## Mme. Casimir-Perier.

Mme. Casimir-Perier married her cousin and is herself a Perier. She is tall and fair, with a commanding figure, and dresses in admirable taste, with a nuance of royal magnificence. The strong face and deep-set eyes give her a sad expression and make her look older than her husband. But she is still young enough to lead fashion and will draw all the noblesse of the rallies, and particularly the rallies, to her receptions. She has two children—a boy, who is at the Lycée Janson de Sailly in Paris, and a girl of 14 at a convent school, who will be one of the best parties in France within a few years, for the Casimir-Periers are worth at least \$2,000,000. In spite of their plebeian name, they belong to the very best aristocratic set and are by no means nouveaux riches.—Paris Cor. London World.

## THE MAIDEN'S MISTAKE.

"Something in blue? Why certainly!" The clerk says, with a smile. For, oh, the very loveliest girl is standing in the aisle! And, though the clerk is sometimes cross, he is so charmed by her That he unravels piece after piece Without the least demer.

At last the maiden cries: "Oh, my! Now, isn't that too sweet?" And, looking in her eyes, the clerk Says, "Yes, that can't be beat."

"Now, how much shall I need?" she says, "To make a pretty dress?" And he replies: "Just seven yards. You couldn't do with less."

"Seven yards," she says, "ten fifty, then. All right. Please send it out." And then she wonders what the clerk Is so amused about.

"Excuse me! Seventeen yards in all," He says. "The style decides. You'll need the seven yards for the dress And ten more for the sleeves."

—Louisville Journal.

## On Strictly Business Principles.

"No, I'm not going to hold up my hands," exclaimed the obstinate citizen whom a West Side footpad surprised at a late hour in a lonely part of the city one night last week. "I recognize the fact that you've got the drop on me, and I'll have to cough up, but I'm going to hand over the dough myself."

"Be quick about it then," said the footpad sternly. "I'll be as quick as I can," rejoined the other, "but this is business."

Producing his pocketbook, he opened it and began inspecting its contents. "What are you doing?" demanded the fellow at the other end of the revolver.

"I'm counting the cost of this transaction. Just keep your shirt on a minute, will you? Ten, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35. I don't care so much for the money," he continued, feeling in his vest pocket and adding a stray coin or two to the sum in the purse, "as I do for maintaining my system of finance intact. Forty-eight, 49."

"What the Sam Hill is your system of finance?"

"I keep a strict account of all the money I spend," replied the obstinate citizen, feeling in his trousers pocket and extracting another coin. "And I always know to a cent how much I ought to have on hand. Fifty-four. That's all. I've got about me. Fifty-four cents, and you can take it and go to thump—hold on! Wait till I enter it in this passbook. Fifty-four cents—for charity. For charity, 54 cents. You need the money, I take it—or rather you take it!"

"Don't get gay, my friend," said the footpad, grabbing the pocketbook.

"I won't. And don't you get drunk with joy and make a spectacle of yourself. The 54 cents won't justify it. In the meantime, if you think I've got any other property of a portable nature about me you are at liberty to search me. No! Well, then, I'll move on. I've got to enter this in the expense book when I get home and explain it to my wife besides, and altogether I'm 54 cents cash and half an hour of valuable time worse off for having met you—damn your picture! Good night."—Chicago Tribune.

## Making Reparation.

The cowboy was telling some of his thrilling experiences, including several accidental lynchings.

"Those lynchings are dreadful," expostulated a mild bred listener.

"Can't get along without them," said the cowboy.

"But they are wrong."

"Great civilities, though."

"The wrong man suffers sometimes."

"Not very often."

"Didn't you ever help hang the wrong one?"

"Never but once in all my experience."

"Dreadful, dreadful! No reparation could be made in such a case."

The cowboy looked at the listener with contempt.

"You don't know us people," he said. "Why, we fixed up that to the entire satisfaction of everybody."

"How could you?"

"Well, we apologized to the widdle the next morning, and a month after a leader of the hanging party married her."

"I don't see how she could have done such a thing, and so soon too."

The cowboy became reflective.

"Well," he said in a half-laughing, apologetic way after a minute's thought, "maybe she would have waited 60 or 90 days if it had been anybody else but me, and the listener did not pursue the subject further."

## Lost to Fate.

"Professor," said the fond mother, after introducing the young lady by her side, "I have brought to you my daughter Eleanor, who needs a few finishing touches to her education. She paints, sings, plays and is well up on Töten, Tolstoi, Browning and the modern French decadents. Now, what can you do for her?"

"Nothing, ma'am," said the private tutor.

"Do you mean that?" said the mother, flushing with pleasure.

"Yes, ma'am," said the tutor sadly, "she is hopeless."—Chicago Record.

## Tender Sentiment.

Deluded Little Willie (to his mother)—Mamma, dear, won't you please cut off a lock of papa's hair for me? I want it badly.

Sympathetic Mother—Certainly, dear. (Turning to her husband). Did you hear that, John? Who would have given a child like that credit for so much tender sentiment?

Little Willie (explaining)—You see, ma, my rocking horse lost its tail, and I just wanted—(Quick curtain).—Truth.

## Naming Her Poison.

"If you were about to commit suicide," said the pale, mournful girl, "what poison would you select?"

"I would select tyrotoxinol, a poison which I understand is obtainable only in ice cream," replied the girl to whom life is a pleasure.—New York Sun.

## Studying to Please.

"Now," said Mr. Halcyon to his eldest son, "you mustn't let on that you have been to college when these city visitors come here. If you don't talk like a real backwoods boy, they will feel that they ain't getting their money's worth."—Cincinnati Tribune.

## In Another Sense.

Mr. Oldstyle—I don't think that a college education amounts to much. Mr. Sparrow—Don't you? Well, you ought to foot my boy's bills and see.—New York World.

## The Facts in the Case.

She—Darling, if I were poor would you love me as much? He—No, dear. I wouldn't have as much time on my hands then.—Life.



## NEW UNDERWEAR.

This illustration represents the latest styles in underwear. Lace, embroidery, tucks and ribbon are all used for embellishment. The chemises are all of exquisite shape. Lonsdale cambric and jaconet are the materials best liked.

## Long Lived Russians.

It has long been a well established fact that abnormal longevity is more common among the Russians than among any other of the European nations. From an official report collated from well authenticated local registers it now appears that the government of Kiev takes the first place of all Russian provinces in this respect. During last year, it is officially stated, there were 14 centenarians registered in that government. In the city of Kiev one man died aged 110 years, while within the suburban circle two women died aged respectively 102 and 104 years.

In Berdichev two men reached the respective ages of 101 and 114 years. In Vasyliv another patriarch died in his one hundred and fifteenth year. In the same district there died a Jewess aged 105; in Svatigordka, a man of 110 years; in Tarascha, another of 105; in Uman, two men aged respectively 106 and 102 years; in Radomyrz, a Jew aged 107 and a Christian aged 103, and lastly, a man of 105 years died at Tcherkassy. Here are 14 persons, dying within the same year and within the limits of one district, whose united ages amount to 1,489 years. According to the Sanatov journals there is still living in that government an ancient veteran of the first Napoleon's army, formerly Lieutenant Savin, and since 1812 known as Nicolai Alexandrovitch Savin, who has celebrated 123 birthdays.—London News.

## What Is the Cause?

A young woman who is not a spiritualist looked up the other day to see the photograph of a deceased friend on the mantelpiece oscillating to and fro. At first she thought the motion was caused by the wind, but it continued with such absolute regularity that she finally rose and closed doors and windows, which made no the slightest difference. After an hour or two the picture ceased vibrating, and a lamp and a pile of books on a table took up the same motion and kept it up all day and all the next day.

Since then, a week ago, the looking glass attached to her bureau has swayed slightly at intervals. The movement is slight, but sufficient to be plainly seen, and in the case of the mirror the objects reflected seem to dance slightly up and down as a consequence of its motion. The house and street on which it is situated in a suburban town were absolutely quiet when the movements began, and there was no visible nor conjecturable cause for the phenomena, and the young woman argues, not unreasonably, that there is no conjecturable reason for a spirit to jiggle the furniture. But the facts remain, and facts are stubborn things.—Philadelphia Press.

## UNION PACIFIC ROUTE

For the Grand Army and Navy National Encampment, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 10, 11 and 12. The Union Pacific offers the very low rate \$21.50 for the round trip. Special Coaches and Sleepers will leave Topeka via the Union Pacific, Saturday, September 8th, 2:47 p. m., arriving at Pittsburgh Monday morning, 7:30 a. m. Tickets on sale September 7 and 8, good returning up to and including Sept. 23, 1894.

Secure your tickets and reservations early, and go with the crowd. A. M. FULLER, City Agent, 525 Kansas avenue.

## No Mistake!

You can cure that cold or cough by taking Snow's Pine Expectorant. For sale by all druggists. Price 25 and 50c bottle.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is justly considered the only sure specific for blood disorders. All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as one trial of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve for Sores, Burns, Bruises, Skin Affections and Piles. J. K. Jones.

Silver Leaf tomato catsup is anti-septic and should be used at your meals regularly. For sale by all leading grocers.

The Topeka Drug Co., in opera house. Prescott & Co. will remove to No. 113 West Eighth this month.

## REDUCED RATES TO WASHINGTON.

Grand Encampment of the Knights of Pythias of the World.

The biennial encampment of the Supreme Lodge and grand encampment of the Knights of Pythias of the world will be held at the National Capital August 27th to September 6th.

For this occasion the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. will sell round trip tickets from all points on its lines, August 2nd to 26th inclusive, valid for return trip until September 6th; a further extension of time to September 15th can be secured, provided the ticket is deposited with the joint agent at Washington, D. C., on or before September 6th.

The round trip rate from Chicago will be \$17.50, and correspondingly low rates from other points. Tickets will also be sold at all principal points throughout the west and north-west. No matter where you start from, ask for tickets via B. & O.

For information in detail, address J. S. Allen, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R. Grand Central Passenger Depot, Chicago, Ill.

Tours in the Rocky Mountains. The "Scenic Line of the World," the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico the choicest resorts, and to the transcontinental traveler the grandest scenery. Double daily train service with through Pullman sleepers and tourists' cars between Denver and San Francisco and Los Angeles. For descriptive pamphlets address S. K. Hoernig, G. P. A., Denver, Col.

Rudy's Pile Suppository is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and free sample to Martin Rudy, Lancaster, Pa. For sale by all first-class druggists, and in Topeka by W. R. Kennedy, corner Fourth and Kansas avenues.

A Beautifier For Ladies. Everybody admires a beautiful complexion. Ladies who have used the celebrated Elder Flower Cream, recommend it as the greatest complexion beautifier in the market. It is used by society ladies. For sale by J. K. Jones.

The Crowning Beauty of Woman Is a luxuriant growth of Hair. Beggs Hair Renewer is guaranteed to give satisfaction, as it is purely a vegetable preparation, and acts directly on the roots of the hair. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy.

Are You Troubled With Constipation or Sick Headache? If so, why not try Beggs' Little Giant Pills? It only takes one pill a day; forty pills in a bottle. One bottle will cure you, and only costs 25 cents. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy.

Shirts mended by the Peerless.

Headache is the direct result of indigestion and Stomach Disorders. Remedy these by using De Witt's Little Early Riser and your Headache disappears. The favorite Little Pill everywhere. J. K. Jones.

Have You Tried Beggs' German Salve For Piles? If not, why not? Can you afford to suffer longer for the sake of 25 cents. This is the price of the greatest salve on the market. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy.

Do You Play The piano? If you don't it will pay you to rent one and learn at Babcock & Frost's 701 Kansas ave.

Silver Leaf vinegar remains in the fruit. It is the best table and pickling vinegar. Ask your grocer for it and take no other. It is the cheapest.

Try Phillips' mineral water. It is considered the finest water for the stomach. 612 W. Eighth avenue. Try it.

Peerless Steam Laundry—Peerless Steam Laundry.

Daily Nose Meetings. No Griping, no Nausea, no Pain, when De Witt's Little Early Riser are taken. Small Pill. Best Pill. Best Pill. J. K. Jones.

Needles for every sewing machine made in the world, can be had at Babcock & Frost's, 701 Kansas ave.

Having purchased F. W. Whittier's interest in the firm, we are prepared to give the people of Topeka the best the market affords. WHITNEY & SON, 780 Kansas ave.

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Prescott & Co. will remove to No. 113 West Eighth this month.

For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay City, Mich., accidentally spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, giving instant relief. It's a wonderfully good salve for burns, bruises, sores, and a sure cure for Piles. J. K. Jones.

"There is a Salve for every wound."

We refer to De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures burns, bruises, cuts, indolent sores, as a local application in the nostrils it cures catarrh, and always cures piles. J. K. Jones.

Buy your drugs at 612 Kas. ave.

One word describes it—"perfection." We refer to De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and is a well known cure for piles. J. K. Jones.

Positive Guarantee:

Snow's Pine Expectorant cures coughs and colds. Contains wild cherry and white pine barks and tar. For sale by all druggists. Price 25 and 50c bottle.

A satisfied customer is a permanent one. That's why we recommend De Witt's Early Riser. They cure constipation, indigestion and Biliousness. J. K. Jones.

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